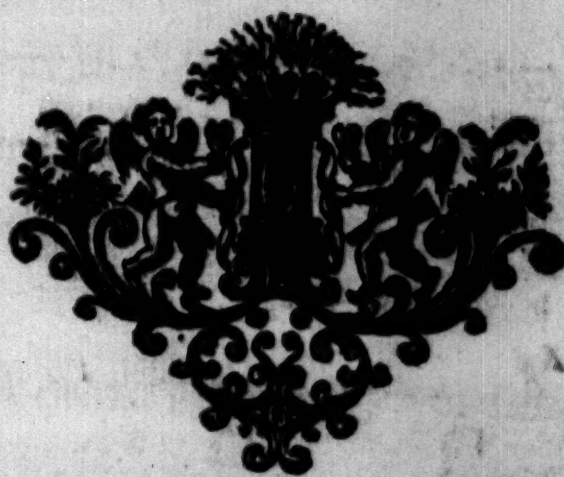


A B E L A R D

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T O

E L O I S A.



L O N D O N :

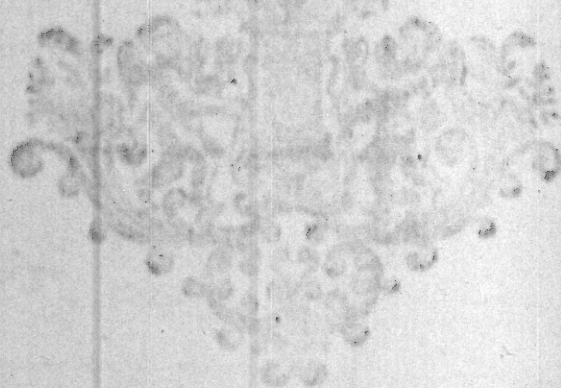
Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in
M, DCC, XLVII.

[Price One Shilling]

A B E L A R D



E L O I S A.



L O V D O W

Printed for M. Cooper, at the Old in
MILK-STREET.

Miss ———, of Horsmanden in Kent.

WHEN Wit and Science trim'd their wither'd Bays,
 At *Petrarch's* Voice, and beam'd with half their Rays,
 Some heav'n-born Genius panting to explore
 The Scenes Oblivion wish'd to live no more,
 Found *Abelard* in Grief's sad Pomp array'd, 5
 And call'd the melting Mourner from the Shade.
 Touch'd by his Woes, and kindling at his Rage,
 Admiring Nations glow'd from Age to Age;
 From Age to Age the soft Infection ran,
 Taught to lament the Hermit in the Man; 10
 Pride drop'd her Crest, Ambition learn'd to sigh,
 And Dove-like Pity stream'd in ev'ry Eye.

Sick of the World's Applause, yet fond to warm
 Each Maid that knows with *Eloise* to charm,
 He asks of Verse to aid his native Fire, 15
 Refines, and wildly lives along the Lyre;
 Bids all his various Passions throb anew,
 And hopes, my Fair! to steal a Tear from you.

O blest with Temper, blest with Skill to pour
 Life's ev'ry Comfort on each social Hour, 20
 Chaste as thy Blushes, gentle as thy Mien,
 Too grave for Folly, and too gay for Spleen :
 Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
 To melt with Music, and with Wit to fire ;
 To blend, as Judgment tells thee how to please, 25
 Wisdom with Smiles, and Majesty with Ease ;
 Alike to Virtue as the Graces known,
 And proud to love all Merit but thy own.

These are thy Honours, these will Charms supply,
 When those dear Suns shall set in either Eye, 30
 While *she* who, studious of Dress, Paint and Place,
 Aims but to be a Goddess in the Face,
 Born all thy Sex illumines, to despise,
 Too mad for Thought, too pretty to be wise,
 Flaunts for a Year fantastically vain, 35
 With half our *Fribbles* dying in her Train ;
 Then sinks, as Beauty fades, and Passion cools,
 The Scorn of Coxcombs, and the Jest of Fools.

ABELARD to ELOISA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourish'd in the Twelfth Century: They were two of the most distinguish'd Persons of their Age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate Passion. After a long Course of Calamities they retir'd each to a several Convent, and consecrated the Remainder of their Days to Religion. It was many Years after this Separation, that a Letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contain'd the History of his Misfortunes, fell into the Hands of Eloisa: This occasion'd those celebrated Letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a Picture of the Struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion.

Mr. Pope.



H, why this boding Start? this sudden Pain,
That wings my Pulse, and shoots from Vein
to Vein?

What mean, regardless of yon' Midnight
Bell,

These earth-born Visions sad'ning o'er my Cell?

B

What

What strange Disorder prompts these Thoughts to glow? 5
 These Sighs to murmur? and these Tears to flow?
 'Tis she, 'tis *Eloisa's* Form restor'd,
 Once a pure Saint, and more than Saints ador'd:
 She comes in all her killing Charms confest,
 Glares thro' the Gloom, and pours upon my Breast, 10
 Bids Heav'n's bright Guard from *Paraclete* remove,
 And drags me back to *Misery* and Love.



Enjoy thy Triumphs, dear Illusion! see
 This sad Apostate from his God to thee;
 See, at thy Call my guilty Warmths return, 15
 Flame thro' my Blood, and steal me from my Urn.
 Yet, yet, frail *Abelard!* one Effort try,
 E're the last ling'ring Spark of Virtue die;
 The deadly, charming Sorceress controul,
 And spite of Nature tear her from thy Soul. 20

Long has that Soul in these unsocial Woods,
 Where Anguish mufes, and where Horror broods,

From

From Love's wild visionary Wishes stray'd,
 And fought to lose thy Beauties in the Shade,
 Faith drop'd a Smile, Devotion lent her Fire, 25
 Woke the keen Pang, and sanctify'd Desire;
 Led me enraptur'd to the blest Abode,
 And taught my Heart to glow with all its God.
 But oh, how weak fair Faith and Virtue prove!
 When *Eloisa* melts away in Love! 30
 When her fond Soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
 No Joy forgotten, and no Wish conceal'd,
 Flows thro' her Pen as infant Softness free,
 And fiercely springs in Ecstasies to me.
 Ye Heav'ns! as walking in yon' sacred Fane 35
 With ev'ry Seraph warm in ev'ry Vein,
 Just as Remorse had rous'd an aking Sigh,
 And my torn Soul hung trembling in my Eye,
 In that kind Hour thy fatal Letter came,
 I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the Name; 40
 The conscious Lamps at once forgot to shine,
 Prophetic Tremors shook the hallow'd Shrine;

Priests, Censers, Altars from thy Genius fled,
And Heav'n itself shut on me while I read.

Dear, smiling Mischief! art thou still the same, 45
The still pale Victim of too soft a Flame?
Warm, as when first with more than mortal Shine
Each melting Eye-ball mix'd thy Soul with mine?
Have not thy Tears for ever taught to flow,
The Glooms of Absence, and the Pangs of Woe, 50
The Pomp of Sacrifice, the whisper'd Tale,
The dreadful Vow yet hov'ring o'er thy Veil,
Drove this bewitching Fondness from thy Breast?
Curb'd the loose Wish? and form'd each Pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant Knee 55
To Love's dead Shrine? and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy Arms,
Spring to my Lips, and give me all thy Charms:
No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient Sail,
Steal the Lark's Wing, and mount the swiftest Gale; 60

Skim the last Ocean, freeze beneath the Pole;
 Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy Soul;
 Fly, fly, for Justice bares the Arm of God;
 And the grasp'd Vengeance only waits his Nod.

Are these my Wishes? Can they thus aspire? 65
 Does Phrenzy form them, or does Grace inspire?
 Can *Abelard*, in Hurricanes of Zeal,
 Betray his Heart, and teach thee not to feel?
 Teach thy enamour'd Spirit to disown
 Each human Warmth, and chill thee into Stone? 70
 Ah, rather let my tend'rest Accents move
 The last wild Tumults of unholy Love!
 On that dear Bosom trembling let me lie,
 Pour out my Soul, and in fierce Raptures die,
 Rouze all my Passions, act my Joys anew, 75
 Farewel, ye Cells! ye martyr'd Saints! adieu:
 Sleep Conscience! sleep, each awful Thought be drown'd,
 And sev'n-fold Darkness veil the Scene around.

What means this Pause? this agonizing Start?
 This Glimpse of Heaven rushing thro' my Heart?
 Methinks I see a radiant Cross display'd,
 A wounded Saviour bleeds along the Shade; 80
 Around th' expiring God bright Angels fly,
 Swell the loud Hymn, and open all the Sky:
 O save me, save me e're the Thunders roll,
 And Hell's black Caverns swallow up my Soul.

Return, ye Hours! when guiltless of a Stain, 85
 My strong-plum'd Genius throb'd in ev'ry Vein,
 When warm'd with all th' *Ægyptian* Fanes inspir'd,
 All *Athens* boasted, and all *Rome* admir'd;
 My Merit in its full Meridian shone,
 Each Rival blushing, and each Heart my own. 90
 Return, ye Scenes! ah no, from Fancy fly,
 On Time's stretch'd Wing 'till each Idea die,
 Eternal fly, since all that Learning gave
 Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,

To Love's soft Empire ev'ry Wish betray'd, 95
 And left my Lawrels with'ring in the Shade.
 Let me forget, that while deceitful Fame
 Grasped her shrill Trump, and fill'd it with my Name,
 Thy stronger Charms, impow'r'd by Heav'n to move
 Each Saint, each blest Insensible to Love, 100
 At once my Soul from bright Ambition won,
 I hug'd the Dart, I wish'd to be undone;
 No more pale Science durst my Thoughts engage,
 Infipid Dulness hung on ev'ry Page;
 The midnight Lamp no more enjoy'd its Blaze, 105
 No more my Spirit flew from Maze to Maze:
 Thy Glances bade Philosophy resign
 Her Throne to thee, and ev'ry Sense was thine.

But what cou'd all the Frosts of Wisdom do,
 Oppos'd to Beauty, when it melts in you? 110
 Since these dark, chearless, solitary Caves,
 Death-breathing Woods, and daily-op'ning Graves,

Mis-shapen Rocks, wild Images of Woe,
 For ever howling to the Deeps below;
 Ungenial Deserts, where no vernal Show'r 115
 Wakes the green Herb, or paints th' unfolding Flow'r;
 Th' imbrowning Glooms these holy Mansions shed,
 The night-born Horrors brooding o'er my Bed,
 The dismal Scenes black Melancholy pours
 O'er the sad Visions of enanguish'd Hours; 120
 Lean Abstinence, wan Grief, low-thoughted Care,
 Distracting Guilt, and Hell's worst Fiend, Despair,
 Conspire, in vain, with all the Aids of Art,
 To blot thy dear Idea from my Heart.

Delusive, sightless God of warm Desire! 125
 Why wou'd'st thou wish to set a Wretch on Fire?
 Why lives thy soft Divinity where Woe
 Heaves the pale Sigh, and Anguish loves to glow?
 Fly to the Mead, the Daisy-painted Vale,
 Breathe in its Sweets, and melt along the Gale; 130

Fly

Fly where gay Scenes luxurious Youths employ,
 Where ev'ry Moment steals the Wing of Joy;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy Throne,
 Devoted Slaves, and Victims, all thy own:
 Each Village-swain the Turf-built Shrine shall raise, 135
 And Kings command whole Hecatombs to blaze.

O Memory! ingenious to revive
 Each fleeting Hour, and teach the *past* to live,
 Witness what Conflicts this frail Bosom tore!
 What Grievs I suffer'd! and what Pangs I bore! 140
 How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
 An Heart that panted to be still a Slave!
 When Youth, Warmth, Rapture, Spirit, Love, and Flame,
 Seiz'd ev'ry Sense, and burnt thro' all my Frame;
 From Youth, Warmth, Rapture, to these Wilds I fled, 145
 My Food the Herbage, and the Rock my Bed.
 There, while these venerable Cloisters rise
 O'er the bleak Surge, and gain upon the Skies,

My wounded Soul indulg'd the Tear to flow
 O'er all her sad Vicissitudes of Woe ; 150
 Profuse of Life, and yet afraid to die,
 Guilt in my Heart, and Horror in my Eye,
 With ceaseless Pray'rs, the whole Artill'ry giv'n
 To win the Mercies of offended Heav'n,
 Each Hill, made vocal, eccho'd all around, 155
 While my torn Breast knock'd bleeding on the Ground.
 Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my Moments fly
 Stain'd by a Tear, and darken'd in a Sigh;
 Tho' meagre Fafts have on my Cheek display'd
 The Dusk of Death, and funk me to a Shade, 160
 Spite of myself the still-impois'ning Dart
 Shoots thro' my Blood, and drinks up all my Heart ;
 My Vows and Wishes wildly disagree,
 And Grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the Glooms, that wrap the midnight Sky, 165
 My *Eloisa* steals upon my Eye ;

For ever rises in the solar Ray,
 A Phantom brighter than the Blaze of Day :
 Where-e'er I go, the visionary Guest
 Pants on my Lip, or sinks upon my Breast; 170
 Unfolds her Sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
 Winds round my Heart in Luxury of Joy;
 While loud *Hosannas* shake the Shrines around,
 I hear her softer Accents in the Sound;
 Her Idol-beauties on each Altar glare, 175
 And injur'd Heaven has but half my Pray'r :
 No Tears can drive her hence, no Pangs controul,
 For ev'ry Object brings her to my Soul.

Last Night, reclining on yon' airy Steep,
 My busy Eyes hung brooding o'er the Deep; 180
 The breathless Whirlwinds slept in ev'ry Cave,
 And the soft Moon-beam danc'd from Wave to Wave;
 Each former Bliss in this bright Mirror seen,
 With all my Glories, dawn'd upon the Scene,

Recall'd the dear, auspicious Hour, anew, 185
 When my fond Soul to *Eloisa* flew :
 When, with keen speechless Ecstasies oppress'd,
 Thy frantic Lover snatch'd thee to his Breast,
 Gaz'd on thy Blushes arm'd with ev'ry Grace,
 And saw the Goddess beaming in thy Face; 190
 Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent Wishes move
 Each Pulse to Rapture, and each Glance to Love.
 But lo! the Winds descend, the Billows roar,
 Foam to the Clouds, and burst upon the Shore,
 Vast Peals of Thunder o'er the Ocean roll, 195
 The flame-wing'd Lightning gleams from Pole to Pole.
 At once the pleasing Images withdrew,
 And more than Horrors crouded on my View ;
 Thy Uncle's Form, in all his Ire array'd,
 Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the Shade, 200
 Pierc'd by his Sword, I sunk upon the Ground,
 The Spectre ghastly smil'd upon the Wound ;
 A Group of black Infernals round me hung,
 And tofs'd my Infamy from Tongue to Tongue.

Detested Wretch! how impotent thy Age! 205
 How weak thy Malice! and how kind thy Rage!
 Spite of thyself, inhumane as thou art,
 Thy murd'ring Hand has left me all my Heart;
 Left me each tender, fond Affection, warm,
 A Nerve to tremble, and an Eye to charm. 210
 No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in Ill,
 Thou thought'st it dull Barbarity to kill;
 My Death had rob'd lost Vengeance of her Toil,
 And scarcely warm'd a *Scythian* to a Smile:
 Sublimer Furies taught thy Soul to glow, 215
 With all their savage Mysteries of Woe;
 Taught thy unfeeling Poniard to destroy
 The Pow'rs of Nature, and the Source of Joy;
 To stretch me on the Racks of vain Desire,
 Each Passion throbbing, and each Wish on fire; 220
 Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
 Fiends in my Veins, and Hell within my Breast.

Aid me, fair Faith! assist me, Grace divine!
 Ye Martyrs! bless me, and ye Saints! refine,
 Ye sacred Groves! ye Heav'n-devoted Walls! 225
 Where Folly sickens, and where Virtue calls;
 Ye Vows! ye Altars! from this Bosom tear
 Voluptuous Love, and leave no Anguish there:
 Oblivion! be thy blackest Plume display'd
 O'er all my Griefs, and hide me in the Shade; 230
 And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
 While awful Reason whispers in the Friend;
 Friend, did I say? Immortals! what a Name?
 Can dull, cold Friendship, own so wild a Flame?
 No; let thy Lover, whose enkindling Eye 235
 Shot all his Soul between thee and the Sky,
 Whose Warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd Song
 Call'd thy rapt Ear to die upon his Tongue,
 Now strongly rouze, while Heav'n his Zeal inspires,
 Diviner Transports, and more holy Fires; 240

Calm

Calm all thy Passions, all thy Peace restore,
And teach that snowy Breast to heave no more.

Torn from the World, within dark Cells immur'd,
By Angels guarded, and by Vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy Fondness, dead, 245
And Hope, pale Sorrow's last sad Refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt, in vain,
Brood o'er false Joys, and hug th' ideal Chain?
Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
From yon' bright Portal op'ning in the Sky, 250
Thy *Abelard* shou'd bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy Feet, and taste thy Charms anew?
Ye Heav'ns! if, to this tender Bosom woo'd,
Thy meer Idea harrows up my Blood;
If one faint Glimpse of *Eloise* can move 255
The fiercest, wildest Agonies of Love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the Light,
Thy whole Effulgence flows upon my Sight?

Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
 And learn to be an Abbess in thy Heart; 260
 See, while Devotion's ever-melting Strain
 Pours the loud Organ thro' the trembling Fane,
 Yon' pious Maids each earthly Wish disown,
 Kiss the dread Cross, and croud upon the Throne :
 O let thy Soul the sacred Charge attend, 265
 Their Warmths inspirit, and their Virtues mend;
 Teach ev'ry Breast from ev'ry Hymn to steal
 The Seraph's Meekness, and the Seraph's Zeal;
 To rise to Rapture, to dissolve away
 In Dreams of Heav'n, and lead thyself the Way, 270
 Till all the Glories of the blest Abode
 Blaze on the Scene, and ev'ry Thought is God.
 While thus thy exemplary Cares prevail,
 And make each Vestal spotless as her Veil,
 Th' eternal Spirit o'er thy Cell shall move, 275
 In the soft Image of the mystic Dove;
 The long-lost Gleams of heav'nly Comfort bring,
 Peace in his Smile, and Healing on his Wing;

At once remove Affliction from thy Breast,
Melt o'er thy Soul, and hush her Pangs to rest. 280

O that my Soul, from Love's curst Bondage free,
Cou'd catch the Transports that I urge to thee!
O that some Angel's more than magic Art
Wou'd kindly tear the Hermit from his Heart!
Extinguish ev'ry guilty Sense, and leave 285
No Pulse to riot, and no Sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless Wish! still, still, the vig'rous Flame
Bursts, like an Earthquake, thro' my shatter'd Frame;
Spite of the Joys that Truth and Virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love; 290
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiv'n;
Thy Form, my Idol, and thy Charms, my Heav'n.

Yet, yet, my Fair! thy nobler Efforts try,
Lift me from Earth, and give me to the Sky;
Let my lost Soul thy brighter Virtues feel, 295
Warm'd with thy Hopes, and wing'd with all thy Zeal.

And when, low-bending at the hallow'd Shrine,
 Thy contrite Heart shall *Abelard* resign ;
 When pitying Heav'n, impatient to forgive,
 Unbars the Gates of Light, and bids thee live ; 300
 Seize on th' auspicious Moment e're it flee,
 And ask the same immortal Boon for me.

Then when these black, terrific Scenes are o'er,
 And rebel Nature chills the Soul no more ;
 When on thy Cheek th' expiring Roses fade, 305
 And thy last Lustres darken in the Shade ;
 When arm'd with quick Varieties of Pain,
 Or creeping dully flow from Vein to Vein,
 Pale Death shall set my kindred Spirit free,
 And these dead Orbs forget to doat on thee ; 310
 Some pious Friend, whose wild Affections glow
 Like ours, in sad Similitude of Woe,
 Shall drop one tender, sympathizing Tear,
 Prepare the Garland, and adorn the Bier ;

Our

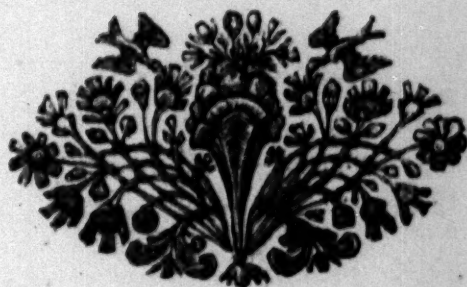
Our lifeless Reliques in one Tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial Dust to mix with mine.

315

Mean while, divinely purg'd from ev'ry Stain,
Our active Souls shall climb th' ætherial Plain,
To each bright Cherub's Purity aspire,
Catch all his Zeal, and beam with all his Fire;
There, where no Face the Gloom of Anguish wears,
No Uncle murders, and no Passion tears,
Enjoy with Heav'n Eternity of Rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

320

F I N I S.



Our Hells Reliques in one Tomb consign;
And teach thy genial Dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active Souls shall climb th' ethereal Plain,
To each bright Cherub's Purty aspire;

Catch all his Zeal, and beam with all his Fire;
There, where no Face the Gleams of Anguish wears,
No Uncle murders, and no Passion tears,
Enjoy with Heav'n's Eternity of Rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

